

and how by a miracle the slain bodies of the faithful were found turned towards Mecca, whereas the sand swallowed up the remains of the infidels. Half a mile to the west there rises a stack of high poplar staffs, marking the supposed resting-place of the sainted king. Like the staffs over all Ziarats in the country, they were covered with little flags and rags of all kinds, ex-votos of pious pilgrims. In a depression about half-way to the proper 'Mazar' is the well used by the attendants of the shrine. They all claim to be descendants of the Sultan. Low mud walls on a flat piece of ground, a little to the west of the line of sandhills now approaching the extant houses, were shown to me as the remains of a former settlement. These ruins probably mark the position of houses which have been overwhelmed at a previous date by the advancing dunes and left bare again when the latter had passed by in their gradual movement to the south-east. The same process may repeat itself in due time with the present houses of Ordam-Padshah.

Notwithstanding the holiness of this curious place of pilgrimage my men were anxious to leave it as soon as possible. So my caravan was already far ahead when I started from Ordam-Padshah. The route to Yarkand lay to the south viâ Hazrat-Begim, another sacred site on the edge of the desert. The going was heavier even than on the preceding day, for the lines of sandhills were closer together and the direction to be followed made it difficult to utilize the narrow strips of comparatively firm ground that separate the successive waves of sand. My little dog felt so miserable in the basket in which he was to ride on a camel that I had allowed him to follow me on foot. But the sand and the heat told on him before long, and I was glad when, after about four miles, I picked up the camels again and could safely instal 'Yolchi Beg' in his lofty seat. A hole provided in the top of the basket allowed him to look about without giving a chance of escape.